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Judge

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UP AGAINST IT.

Oh, see this bunch of wise old birds that chirp with might and main!
They're up against it good and hard, out in the cold, cold rain.

Judge

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EVEN the wildest and most pronounced of anti-Wagnerites will shortly feel to their very marrow a thrill of melodious joy in the strident slap-bang clang of the ice-cream bell.

* * *

IF SOME ONE should start an asylum for people who are blind to their own interests, we will venture to say that no other blind-asylum would ever equal it in point of numbers.

* * *

JUDGING by the printed stuff that is turned out to-day, we should think it would be a good idea for the business college to establish a chair to be known as the chair of commercial literature.

* * *

THE LONG and hoary-headed philosopher who speaks in glowing terms of Gorman's silence as being so fearfully dignified should remember that it is also anything but painful to a patient, long-suffering public.

IF THERE is any one who understands the wants of the negro better than does Booker T. Washington, we will admit that we do not know his name. Mr. Washington knows also the negro's shortcomings and just how to meet and remedy them. In his hands the negro will learn to read and write, and also to realize the important fact that the razor is a tonsorial and not an artillery weapon. He will also learn that numerals were not invented to make the game of policy a possibility, and that necromancy can play no part in making one acquainted with the name of a turf-winner on the day before the race. Booker T. Washington will certainly cast the fiends of superstition and hoodooism out of the negro in such style that he will be no more afraid of a spook than he now is afraid of a spring-chicken rampant on a moonlit snake-fence or reclining upon the historic toast. Mr. Washington is a level-headed man, as well as one who knows how to handle the negro in such a way as to cause him to see the emptiness of the coon-song and the metrical beauties of the Greek hexameter. In the hands of such a general the average Ethiopian will not look upon the watermelon when it is red if it doesn't happen to be his, and he will learn that dreams mean nothing but a disordered stomach, and that the left hind foot of a rabbit will not keep off evil or cause fortune to smile on the possessor. We believe as firmly in Mr. Washington and his methods as does Mr. Carnegie, who has recently shown his appreciation by a most munificent gift to the Tuskeegee institute.

* * *

IT IS A SAD THING to hear a refrigerated lament in the balmy spring-time, when the blossoms tremble with joy and the dainty hepatica surrenders itself to be distilled into a mixture that puts new life and vim into the torpid liver. There are a number of wise old birds who would mate with the nomination, and they are lifting their voices in a lamentation that is richly gargoyled with the icicles of a divine despair. If these Democratic birds have been saving all their musical steam for a rainy day they now have at least the satisfaction of realizing that their efforts at accumulation have not been entirely in vain. It is only to be hoped that their music will outlast the storm in which they are all singing the same tune in different time. Messrs. Cleveland, Olney, Gorman, and old Gum-shoe Bill Stone outscreech and make the common calliope of commerce look smaller than a jew's-harp. As misery loves company, these four are naturally very fond of one another, as are Hill, Tom Johnson and others of the grand chorus of Democrats who are also lime-lights unto themselves. The cold, penetrating rain of the outdoor spring-time is drenching them to the bones and discoursing a weird, uncanny refrain on their liver-pads, while their composite squawk of pain is scattered on the dreary winds. If the consensus of opinion is correct, these cold birds will never more be hot birds. They are permanently cold, like the pancake that will not be rejuvenated when once soggy. And their hopes are on ice—not big things on ice, but on ice that they may be refrigerated and preserved against decay, that we may from time to time hear their owners burst into song and thus regale us with a first-class sample of Democratic harmony.

A SOFT "SEAT" FOR HIM.

BOB—"Archie has just bought a seat on the stock-exchange."
EDITH—"The dear boy! I shall make him two sofa-pillows for it at once."

LITIGATION DISCOURAGED.

AT THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the American heat, light, power and transportation company, held in Jersey City, yesterday, the secretary's report contained this:

"Litigation against the company by private persons, as well as by public officials, has decreased. This is due possibly to our attitude of determined resistance to every suit in which we are defendants. The last action by a private person was ended in our favor by the conviction of the plaintiff for criminal libel against the accountants who certified our annual financial statement; and the attempt of the state of South Ohio to cancel our charter for alleged infringement of the anti-trust laws was checked by the impeachment of the governor and the attorney-general, as well as by that of the entire court-of-appeals bench, which had decided against us unanimously, for conspiracy"—— Here the secretary was interrupted by loud cheers.

SHEER WASTE.

MRS. BROWN—"It's simply a waste of time telling Mrs. Jones a secret."
MRS. SMITH—"Yes; she never repeats anything she hears."

NO TRAIL.

"THE crime," declares the great detective, "was evidently committed by a woman."

"Ah!" says the listener. "And do you expect to discover her trail?"

"No," asserts the wise sleuth. "And I will tell you why. My deductions impel me to the belief that the woman wore a rainy-day skirt."

HER TRICK.

"THAT is Mr. Jones, who will shortly lead Mrs. Weed to the altar."

"Yes? After which she will take the lead and he will simply follow suit."

PICKED UP THE TRAIL.

VERY softly the young man enters the hall. He hears the voice of his loved one in the parlor.

"Aha!" he thinks. "I will steal in unawares and surprise her."

Cautiously he starts toward that room, when his footsteps are arrested by her father. For she is the daughter of a policeman.

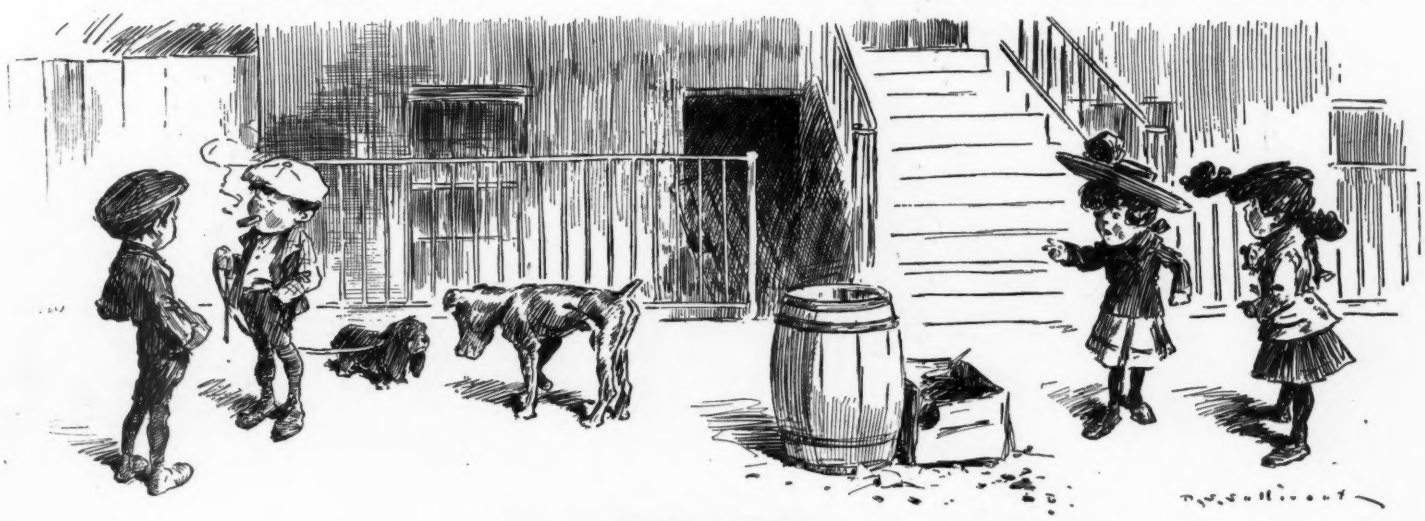
"Hold!" cries her father. "I am onto you. You shall not have any further conversation with my daughter. You are a beat."

Crestfallen, the young man turns; but a thought strikes him, and he hisses as he leaves,

"I am not your beat, or you never would have gotten onto me."

"I SUPPOSE that Miss Dymonds sent for her doctor when she fell on the stage and broke her arm?"

"No; she sent for her press-agent."



BEYOND SOLUTION.

MAGGIE—"Dat Ferdinand McDougall is certainly a horrible example."
KATIE—"Widout a doubt. Every girl in de block hez tried ter *do* him an' can't."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ADELE RAFTER.

Tall and taper, see her skip,
Skim and frolic with a zip.
She full well, the critic knows,
Puts new life into the rose-
Dealer on the blooming fly,
While the swells who swarm to buy
All his roses, fraught with spice,
Never murmur at the price.

AN EPISODE.

WHEN he came into the room where she sat he was struck at once by her marvelous beauty. At first she did not observe him, but finally she glanced in his direction.

There was something about him that caused her to unbend from her hauteur.

She fell quickly into his vein of merry banter, and when at last he left she rolled her eye at him.

With that innate courtesy for which our hero was celebrated, he picked up her glass eye and returned it to her.

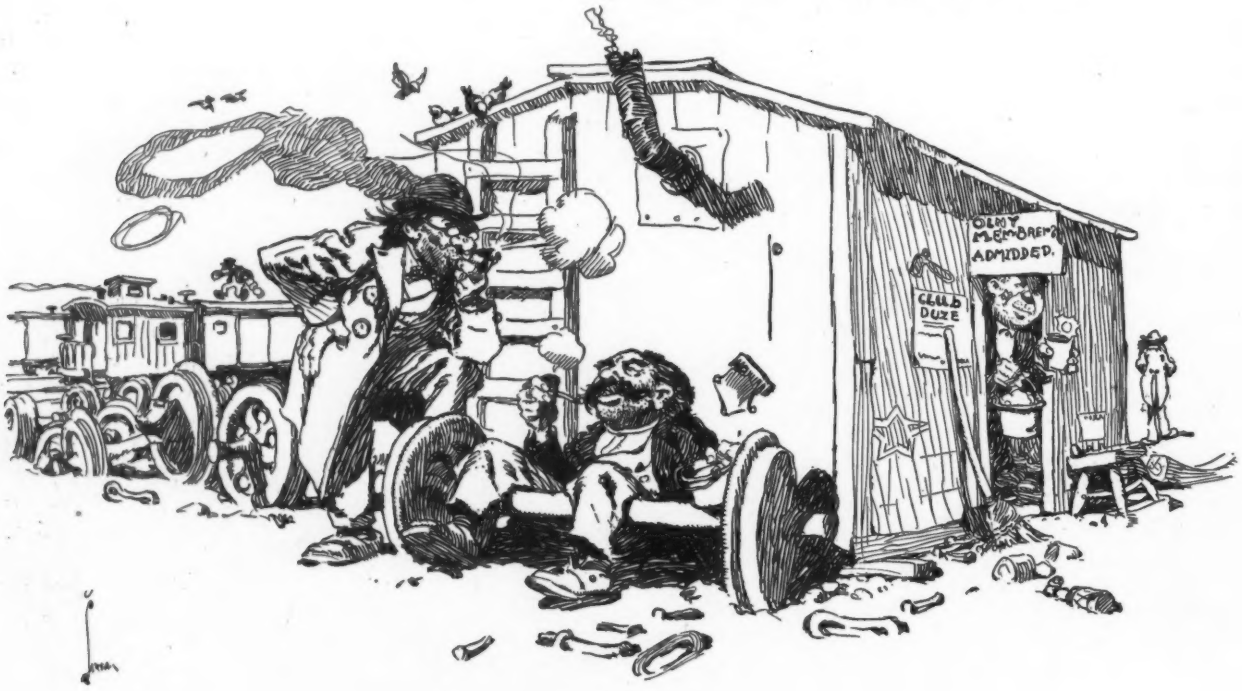
THE REAL THING.

HE—"What would you call an ideal lover?"
SHE—"One whom every other girl wants."

DID NOT APPEAL TO HIM.

"NO," SAID the cannibal king; "I take great pleasure in informing you that I have abandoned my former custom of dining on such sailors as should be shipwrecked on my island. I have lost all liking for them."

"Ah!" mused the missionary. "The salt has lost its savor."



TOO SEVERE.

FIRST TRAMP—"Say, Bill, couldn't I get yer ter join our 'knocker club'?"
SECOND TRAMP—"W'ot's de 'knocker club'?"
FIRST TRAMP—"Why, every member swears ter knock off work five minutes after he gits a job."
SECOND TRAMP—"Leave me out! I'd sooner git knocked in de head dan work five minutes."

ALWAYS REJECTED.

CORINNE—"So the dear boy thinks marriage is a failure? Has he tried it?"
MABEL—"No; but he's failed every time he has tried to try it."

WHAT THE BABY THOUGHT.

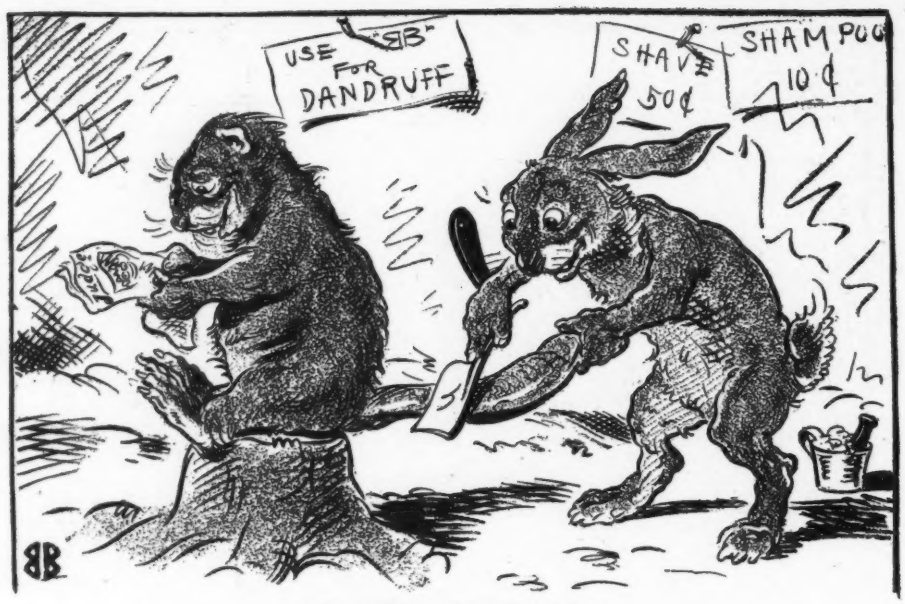
RED of face and long of breath, the infant lay upon the couch. Over it bent the mother, who had been given every advantage in musical training. In fact, until she spoiled her future by marrying well, she had cherished vague dreams of enthralling thousands by the magic of her voice.

The baby howled for some reason or other. Maybe it howled for no reason at all. They usually do.

"Bless its little heart!" whispered the mother. "I will sing it to sleep."

She lifted up her voice in Sleybach's arrangement of Chogner's fifth lullaby.

"Sle-e-e-p, sle-e-ep, my little one,
My little one, my little one!
Ah-h-h! Ah-ah-ah-a-a-a-a-h! Tr-r-r-r-r-r-trill-l-l!
Slee-ee-eep! Slee-ee-eep!"



THE USEFUL BEAVER'S TAIL.

THE BARBER—"Gosh ring it! this is the best razor-strop I've struck in a long time."

WHAT HE SAW.

'TILDA—"I suppose you seen lots o' fine kerriges down to New York?"
HANK—"Less than when I wuz there five year ago."
'TILDA—"Less kerriges?"
HANK—"Yessum—horseless."

Wonderingly the infant blinked at her. Encouraged by its show of interest, she bent over it again. The child squalled louder than ever. She resumed singing.

"Now the night—now-w-w the n-i-i-i-ight has come.
Sle-e-e-e-e-e-e-ep! Sle-e-e-e-e-e-ep!
A-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-ah-ah-ah-ah-ah!
Closeyoureyesingentleslumber-r-r-r-r-r-r!
A-h-h-h-h-h-h-ah-ah-ah-AH-AH-AH-H-H!"

But now the infant was redoubling its shrieks. Convinced that something terrible was ailing it, the distracted mother rushed from the room to seek aid. The infant ceased its weeping, looked about for her, but did not discover her.

"Gee!" it murmured to itself. "She must have had a pin sticking her pretty bad."

When the mother, accompanied by the papa and the maternal grandmother and the nurse, hurried to the room they found the child peacefully slumbering.

A SUGGESTION.

English tourist—"Waitah—aw—bwing me a Welsh wabbit—aw!"

Waiter—"Sorry, sah. Welsh rabbit all done gone, sah. Try a Belgian hare, sah?"

THE NEW CEREMONY.

"IF ANY person," says the judge solemnly, "knows of any reason why this couple should not be divorced let him now speak or forever after hold his peace."

The plaintiff and defendant gaze nervously about the court-room.

"I object to this ceremony going any further!" cries a person in a rear seat, who springs to his feet.

"Why?" asks the judge.

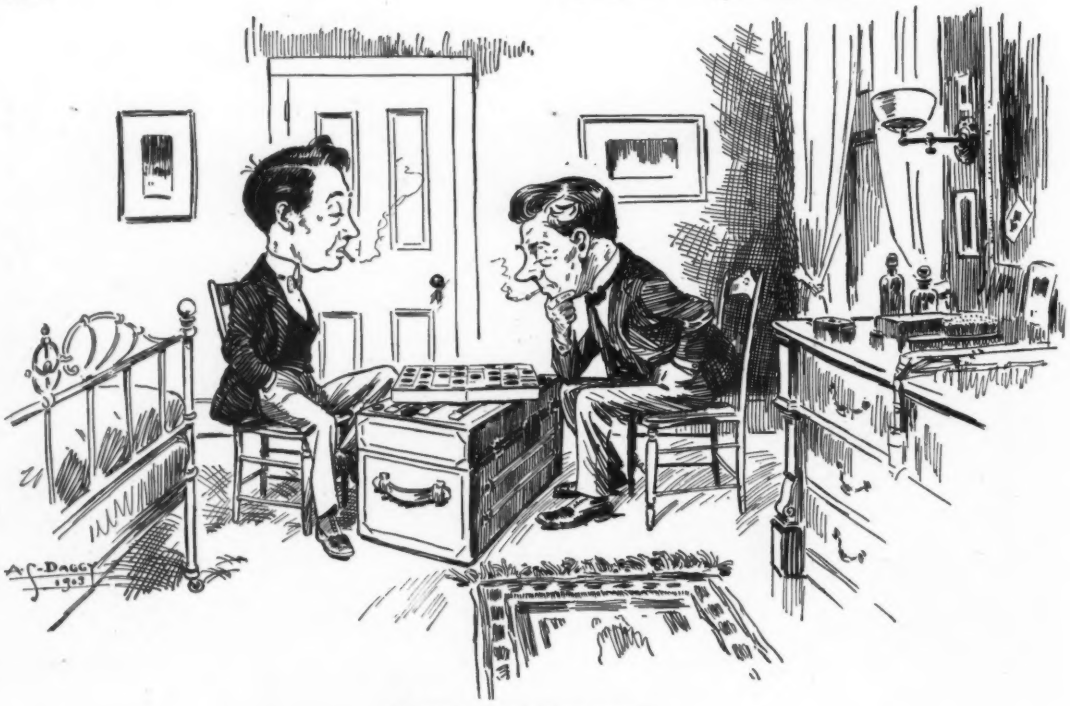
"The woman has no histrionic ability whatever."

Sternly the judge orders the bailiff to escort the baffled pair to the door.

ALMOST BANKRUPTCY.

"SO HER marriage was a failure?"

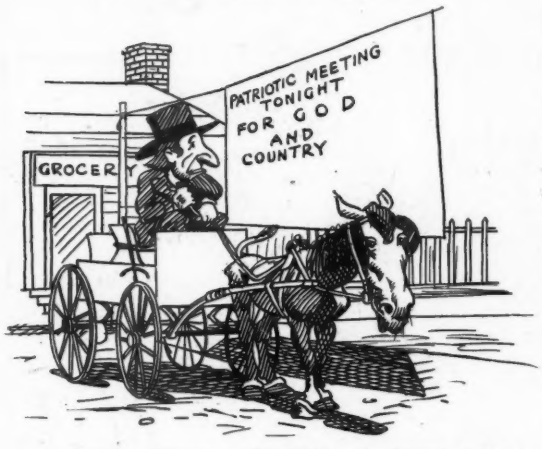
"Yes, indeed. The court allowed liberal alimony, but she has not been able to collect a cent of it."



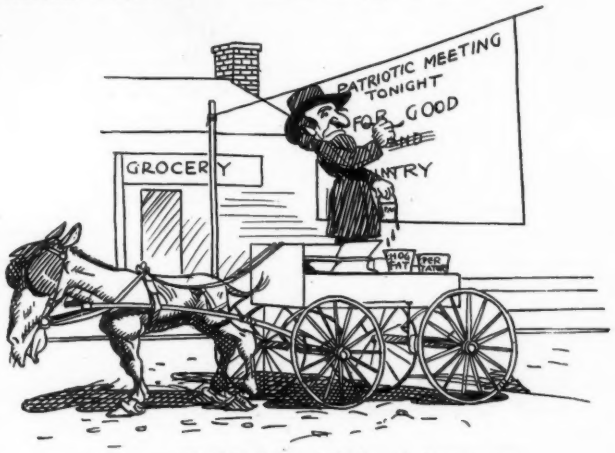
IN OUR BOARDING-HOUSE.

FIRST BOARDER—"Why don't you move?"
SECOND BOARDER (*dreamily*)—"Can't. I owe the landlady ten dollars."

FARMER BROWN'S SCHEME.



1. FARMER BROWN—"By hick! it's derned lucky I brought my paint-pot to taown with me. I'll jest——



2. ——tech this sign up a little. An' now——

3. ——yeou giddap, Suspenders! We got ter git hum afore ther rush o' victims git thar."

TO A REJECTED COUPLET.

IT SEEMS absurd when you come back—
You are so small, you know.
A half an inch is all the space
You'd occupy, I trow,
Upon the bottom of a page
In some nice magazine.
Yes, 'tis absurd when you come back—
Oh, quite absurd, I ween!

But funnier still to read the slip
That comes with you. I smile.
They find no fault with you at all,
Nor with my labored style;
They merely write a poor excuse
(They read you not, I wis).
How could they when they've scribbled here,
"We have no room for this?"

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

"PAPA, what is indigence?"

"Indigence, my son, is opulence turned wrong-side out."

THE DIFFERENCE.

THE TARPON—"I wouldn't let anybody walk over me."

THE WHITEFISH—"You would if you was north during the winter, with twelve inches of ice on the surface."

IN THE DIM FUTURE.

IT IS the year 1999. The fond young husband—husbands have not changed—sits at the breakfast-table. His helpful young wife—wives have changed—comes in from the kitchen, bearing a plate heaped high with biscuits of her own making. The fond young husband bites into one, then munches the bite with an air of critical study. Nervously she awaits the verdict.

"They are my first effort," she murmurs. "How do you like them?"

Then is corroborated all that scientists have written concerning the eternal influences of heredity.

"Fairly good," concedes the fond young husband; "fairly good. But they are not so good as my father used to say his father said he had heard his father claim that his father's grandmother used to make."

AN EPITAPH.

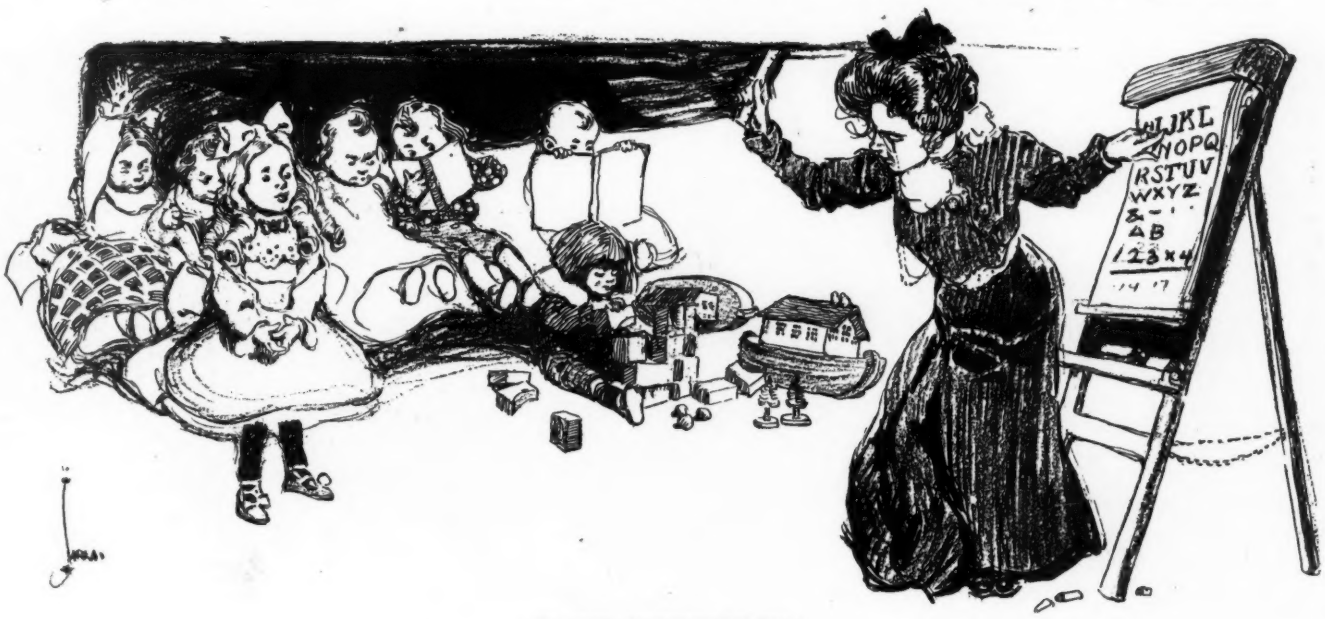
HERE, free from surgeons, rests the form
Of Ebenezer Moses Bendix.
He's gone to the eternal realms
To 'oin his vermiform appendix.

ITS STATUS.

"HOW are you getting along with your scheme to increase the capital of your corporation from one hundred thousand to ten million dollars?" asks the first promoter.

"Well," explains the second, "I hardly know where we stand. We have done all the talking we can, but seem unable to convince all the stockholders that the inflation is desirable."

"Ah!" comments the first promoter. "I take it that the scheme has been hit between wind and water, eh?"



IN THE KINDERGARTEN.

TEACHER—"What comes after 't,' Ruth?"

RUTH—"The fellow what's going to marry my sister Jane."

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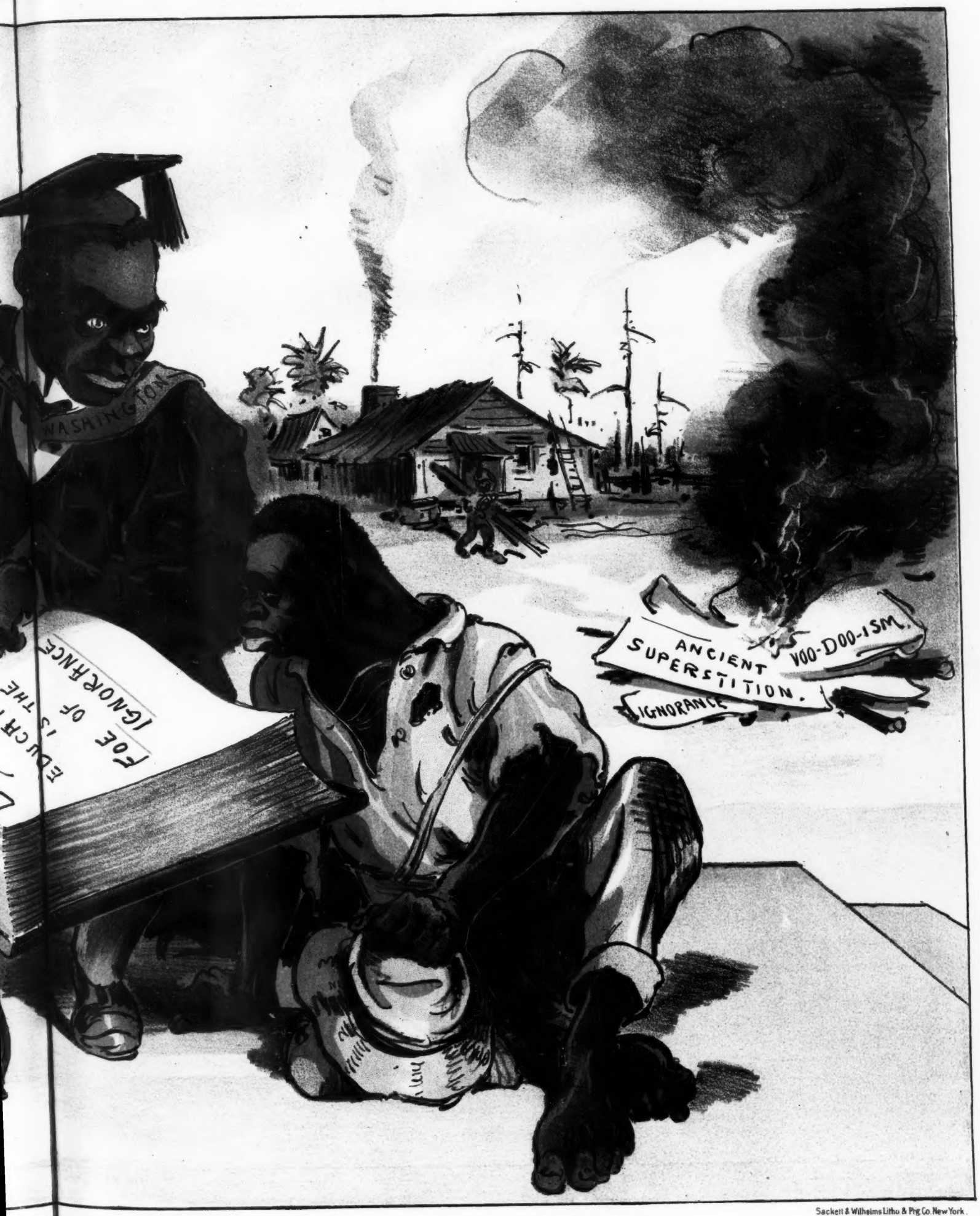
KNOWLEDGE IS P

UNCLE SAM (*soliloquizing*)—" If there were more men like Booker T Wash



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E S POWER.

Booker Washington the negro problem would soon be solved."

THE STREET.

THE street it has a sorry time
That runs through our town—
Somebody digs the asphalt up
As soon as it is down.

They come with hammers, gravel, tar,
Steam-rollers, gangs of men;
They build the street secure and firm—
Then dig it up again.

They never ask the street if they
May take such liberties;
They trample on its feelings, and
They do just as they please.

I wonder, if the street could talk,
How it would phrase its views?
I guess we would not dare to print
The language it would use.

JOHN S. KENDALL.

ITS DRAWBACK.

"I SHOULD think that the position of elevator-man would be a rising profession," said Gummey.

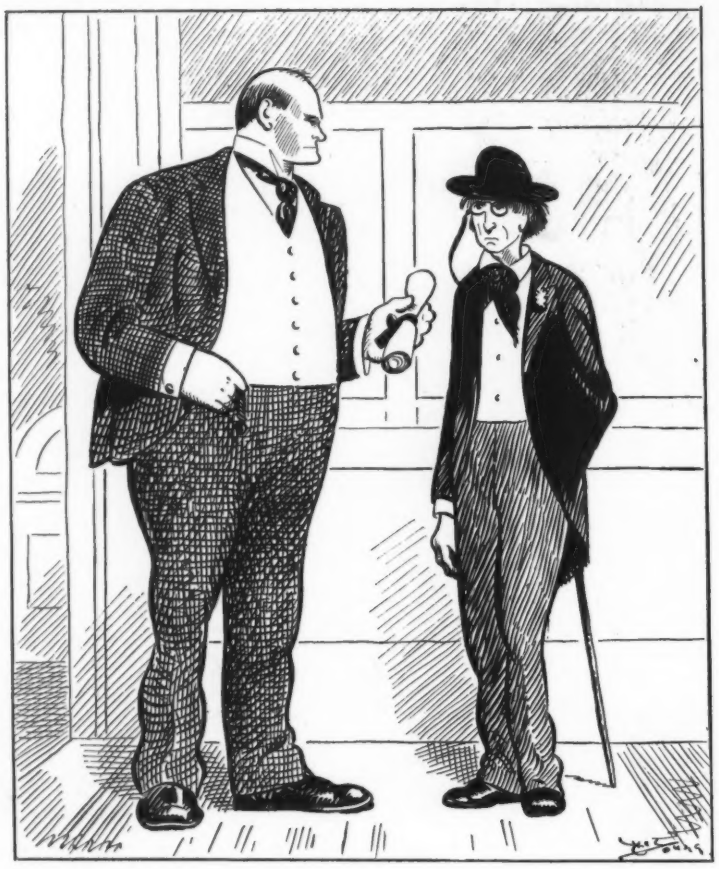
"It would be if the man didn't come down precisely as much as he went up," explained Glanders.

A WINNER.

THE members of the senior class are telling each other the subjects of their graduation essays. One will dilate upon the proximity of Italy to the Alps, another will divulge some information regarding the length of time required to construct Rome, and so on. At last a demure young woman says, "My essay will be 'How to make good bread.'"

Five young men immediately step forward and propose in chorus.

"I hope I do not hurt your feelings by declining," she says, blushing; "but the teacher proposed to me as soon as I told him what my subject would be."



A REAL REGRET.

EDITOR—"I am obliged to decline your poem with thanks. I am very sorry, but"——

POET—"But what?"

EDITOR—"The management insist upon my declining all poems that way, you know."

OLD SAWS RESET.

THE naglets are left at the post;
Goliath found out he was wrong;
The race is not e'er for the swift,
The knockout is not for the strong.
Oh, don't give a dog a bad name
Unless you are sure he won't bite;
And don't hit a man when he's down
Unless you are sure he can't fight.
And if you are out of a job
Oh, don't stand around and boo-hoo,
But go to the devil, who e'er
Finds plenty for idlers to do.

NO EFFORT.

Miss Summerfield—"Why do you try to live in such a lonely place all the time?"

Ike Cauliflower—"Don't hev ter try, miss; jes' keep right on livin'."

THE ANGLER'S ASSISTANT.

THE Cumleigh sisters sit, surrounded by a number of admiring youths. Miss Vera Cumleigh asks, "Do you not think my sister has a charming complexion this evening?"

"Now, Vera," chides the sister, "please do not ask such leading questions. You know I deprecate such a thing as fishing for compliments."

"Oh, I know you never fish for compliments," says Miss Vera, "especially when I am with you to cut bait."

And when the rude young men laughed uproariously at this sally the sister rose and left, telling them in a lady-like manner that they were lobsters.

WHEN WOMEN THROW.

"W'ot! yer don't mean ter say yer let de girls' baseball nine beat yer?"
"How kud we help it? Not a man on de team kud tell where dey wuz goin' ter t'row de ball."

"Washington the negro problem would soon be solved."

Mrs. Y. Tribbon—"I'm surprised that you do not favor the movement to close up all the saloons."

Mrs. Shrude—"I know my husband too well. Now that he can get a drink whenever he wants it he doesn't care much for it; but if he found out it was hard to get he'd be chasing all over for it."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

The next time you feel tired, try an Angostura Phosphate. Served at all soda fountains. It contains the world-renowned Angostura Bitters. Get Dr. Siegert's, the only genuine.

The Four-Track News for May is very much on deck, and all its fine array will soon your sorrow wreck. 'Twill make you gayly skip with that intensity that fills you when you clip your coupons on the fly. It's simply full of plums, all juicy, ripe and rare, to make you snap your thumbs and raise the laugh on care. Its articles are terse and full of vim and snap; its jokelets and its verse are quite the best on tap. In fact, it makes you throw the somersault of joy until you think you know you're still a happy boy. *The Four-Track News* is just the very thing to make all trouble exodust, and fill your hand with cake; and if you want about the best that goes to-day, just to your dealer shout: "*The Four-Track News* for May!" and he will gayly skip and fetch it right away, and with you shout, "Hip hip, hooray! hooray! hooray!"

For further particulars apply to George H. Daniels, Grand Central Station, New York city.

Crawford—"In what way does Newrich show he has traveled all over the country?"

Crabshaw—"He has named his daughters after the Pullman cars he has ridden in."—*Sun.*

Have You tried Evans' Ale?

Highest Grade Havana Cigars
Manuel Lopez & Co.,
9-11 Thames St. - New York
35-37 Randolph St. - Chicago, Ill.

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"Why don't you try to write your name on the scroll of fame?"

"My friend," said Senator Sorghum, very earnestly, "I have never yet seen anybody tearing leaflets out of the scroll of fame and getting them cashed at the bank."—*Washington Star.*

"Henry, what does it mean in this historical novel when it says 'Our guns talked back to the enemy'?"

"Why, they had Parrott guns in those days, my love."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. Ask your dealer for it. None superior. Its quality cannot be surpassed.

"What we need in politics"——

"Yes?"

"As I was saying, what we need in politics"——

"Well?"

——"is less politics."

"Fact! You're right!"—*Chicago Post.*

The Sohmer Piano received the First Medal of Merit and Diploma of Honor at the Centennial Exhibition. It has the indorsement of the leading artists in the United States and foreign countries.

Father (trying to read)—"What's that terrible racket in the hall?"

Mother—"One of the children just fell down the stairs."

Father—"Well, you tell the children if they can't fall down stairs quietly they'll have to stop it."—*Chicago News.*

"'One wife too many!'" exclaimed Mrs. Wederly, as she glanced at the headlines of her husband's paper. "I suppose that is an account of the doings of some bigamist."

"Not necessarily, my dear," replied her husband, without daring to look up.—*Chicago News.*

A LAST RESORT.

PURE FOOD SHOULD BE THE FIRST.

When the human machine goes wrong it is ten to one that the trouble began with the stomach and can therefore be removed by the use of proper food. A lady well known in Bristol, Ontario County, N. Y., tells of the experience she had curing her only child by the use of scientific food: "My little daughter, the only child and for that reason doubly dear, inherited nervous dyspepsia. We tried all kinds of remedies and soft foods. At last, when patience was about exhausted and the child's condition had grown so bad the whole family was aroused, we tried Grape-Nuts.

"A friend recommended the food as one which her own delicate children had grown strong upon, so I purchased a box—as a last resort. In a very short time a marked change in both health and disposition was seen. What made our case easy was that she liked it at once, and its crisp, nutty flavor has made it an immediate favorite with the most fastidious in our family.

"Its use seems to be thoroughly established in western New York, where many friends use it regularly. I have noticed its fine effects upon the intellects as well as the bodies of those who use it. We owe it much." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Dr. Deimel (Linen-Mesh) Underwear

Discomfort and irritation are unknown to wearers of these garments.

For Sale by Leading Houses Everywhere.

Churchman—"That was an eloquent sermon you preached to us last Sunday on 'The poor we have always with us.'"

The pastor—"Yes; I was inspired. I had observed how small the collection was that day."—*Philadelphia Press.*

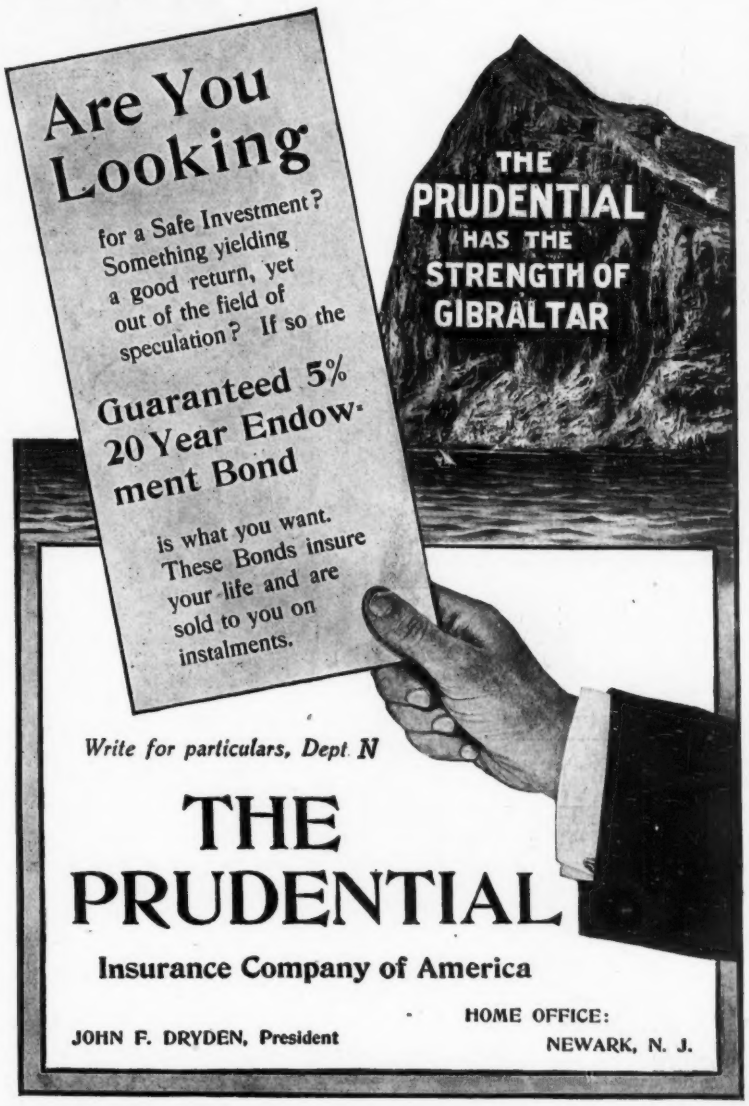
Rollingstone Nomoss—"Wot do you t'ink o' dis here race suicide?"

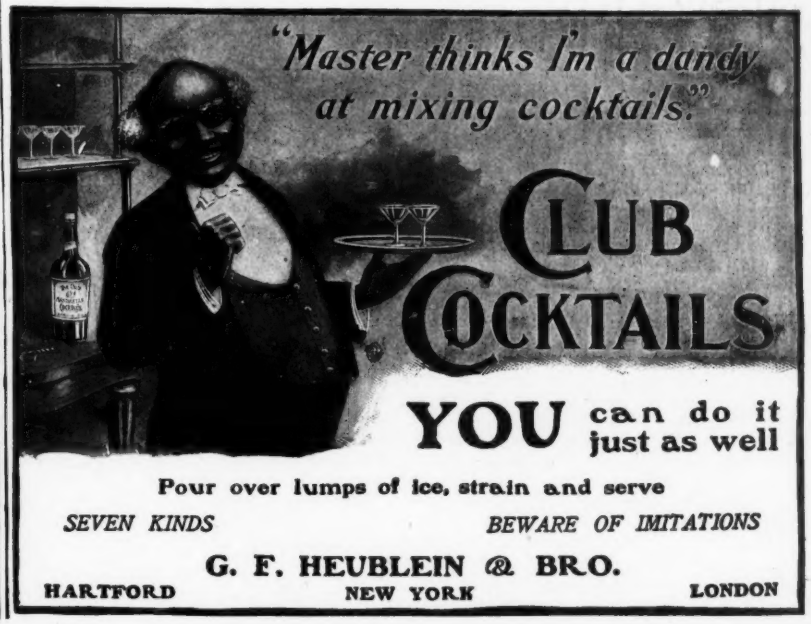
Tatterdon Torn — "I t'ink it's a bloomin' outrage dat de millionaires ain't got enough daughters to go round."—*Philadelphia Record.*

How mad we get when one begins
To name our faults and jeer them.
We love to overlook our sins,
But hate to overhear them.
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Madam," said the conductor to the plain and somewhat elderly woman standing up in the street-car, "why don't you ask one of these men to give you his seat?"

"Because," she answered, grimly sarcastic, "I haven't the face to do it."—*Chicago Tribune.*





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It Gratifies And Always Satisfies.

It is particularly recommended to women because of its age and excellence.

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"It usually tells him, apparently, what awful sinners his neighbors are."—*Philadelphia Press.*

You will get more prompt attention and better service by mentioning JUDGE when answering advertisements.

Here are just a few hints for the summer girls of 1903:

Eat lobsters, but do not flirt with them.

Dress in lawn, but do not sit on it.

Beware the lynx on the links.

Tip the porter, but not the high-ball.

Only a potato has any license to make goo-goo eyes.

It does not require a highwayman to hold up a train.

Eat clams, but do not be one.

Careful not to mix your teas with your tees.—"*Vest Pocket Confidences*" *in Four-Track News.*

She put the book down with a sigh.

"What is it, darling?" he asked.

"Ah, dearest, I'm so happy!" she replied.

"But you had such a sad look in your eyes just now."

"I know. I've been reading about the unhappiness that the wives of men of genius always have to bear. Oh, Alfred, dear, I'm so glad you're just an ordinary plug of a fellow."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Farmer Ragweed—"Has Bill learned anything tew college?"

Mrs. Ragweed—"No; an' wuss'n that, he's forgot what he uster know. Says he can't eat pie without a fork!"—*Chicago News.*

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Don't miss all of the sweet things of life. Try a box of WHITMAN'S.

For sale everywhere.
Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate.
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From "The New York Times."

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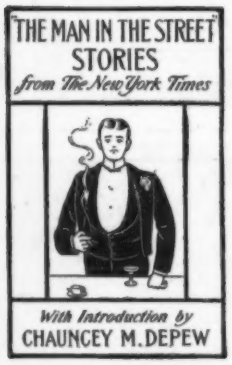

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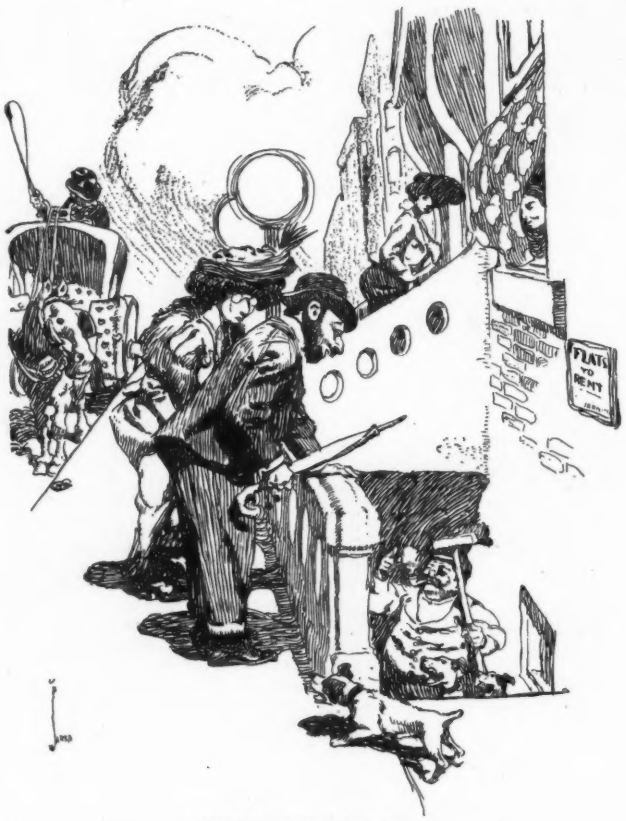

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JONES—"Huh! But you allow monkeys and parrots, don't you?"

JANITOR—"Oh, yes; we'd be glad to have you and your wife if you are not encumbered."

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Bottled under Government supervision direct from the barrel at the Distillery with its natural flavor, nothing added to or taken from it.

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Bad Whiskey is a dangerous element

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(*Old*) *and*
BONNIE BRIER BUSH
(*Very Old*),

are also straight, and the only ones, in this country, that we know of that are straight.

H. B. KIRK & CO., N. Y.

Jiggins—"I hear that poor old Wagner is heartbroken over the loss of his mother-in-law."

Wiggins—"Go 'way, man! You're kiddin' me."

Jiggins—"Fact! They have no one now with whom they can leave the children when they want to go to the theatre."—*Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Ethel—"What do you think of this landscape, aunty?"

Aunt Hannah—"Well, er—I don't think so much of the trees, but that grape-vine is pretty good."

Ethel—"Grape-vine? Why, dear! that is the artist's signature."—*Philadelphia Record.*

They may preach on riches' dangers,
But the fact is with us still—
Fewer germs are on the fifty
Than the humble dollar-bill.

"I was just telling my daughter," said Mrs. Noosens, "that it's really a shame for her to play the piano on Sunday."

"Why did you mention Sunday particularly?" asked Mrs. Pepprey.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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"Is that lawyer an 'authority' on 'wills'?"
"He ought to be—he's had six wives."

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Ask for the Brewery Bottling.

We'd thank the self-made man if he
Would only sometimes stop
And curb his wild desire to be
Forever talking shop.
—*Philadelphia Press.*

Estate-agent (to laborer's son)—"Here, my boy, where can I find your father?"

Boy—"In the pig-sty, sir. You'll know 'im by 'is brown 'at!"—*Punch.*

Mrs. Waggles—"How romantic! So she's a woman who has loved and lost?"

Waggles—"Yes. She married a fellow who spent all her money."—*Sun.*

Borem—"Do you believe that suicide is a sin?"

Miss Caustic—"Well, in your case I think it would be permissible."—*Chicago News.*

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Bacon—"Did I understand you to say your wife said the conversation was brilliant and sparkling?"

Crimsonbeak—"Those are her exact words."

Bacon—"What was she doing at the time?"

Crimsonbeak—"Oh, she was furnishing the conversation."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Truth am mighty an' must prevail, but human natur' only likes to hear de pleasant part of it. De man who goes about speakin' de naked truth all de time is less welcome dan de liar.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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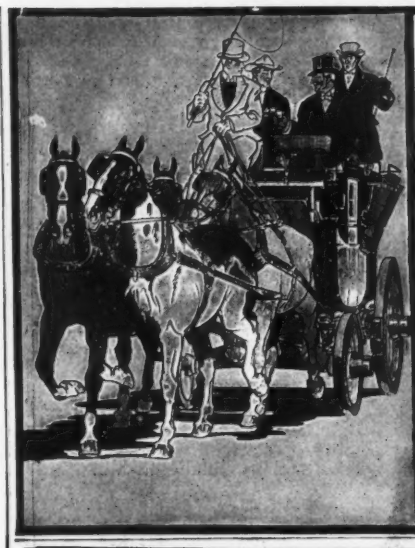

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MISS SMYTHE—"Professor, do you understand what the dear birds are saying?"

PROFESSOR—"Not exactly. I only understand canvas-back ducks."

MISS SMYTHE—"Oh, how lovely! And what do they say to you?"

PROFESSOR—"Oh, they just lie on their backs on a platter and say, 'Four dollars, please!'"

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A vivid little love story, beautifully illustrated; told simply but with appealing interest. The story is contained in a 128-page book which describes some of the most delightful mountain and lake resorts in the East. Sent free on receipt of 5 cents in stamps to cover postage. Address, T. W. LEE, General Passenger Agent, Lackawanna Railroad, New York City.

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"A good debtor and a bad creditor."

—*Detroit Free Press.*

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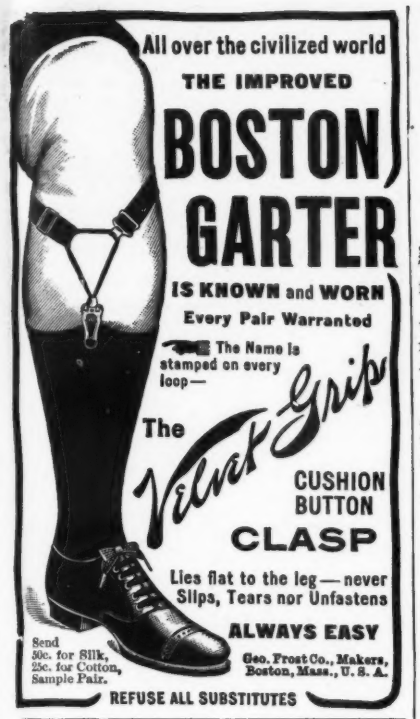


Though the big sun's gettin' nearer
  To the shadders o' the west,
You'll lose no time, good people,
  In hopin' for the best.

But, better far than hopin',
  An' more supremely blest,
Is the feller that forever
  Is workin' fer the best!
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Mrs. Stiggins—"Well, you are the greatest dunderhead I ever did see yet. The idea of buying an excelsior mattress for goose feathers!"

Mr. Stiggins—"It isn't my fault, is it, that the dealer is a cheat? The bed was marked down, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

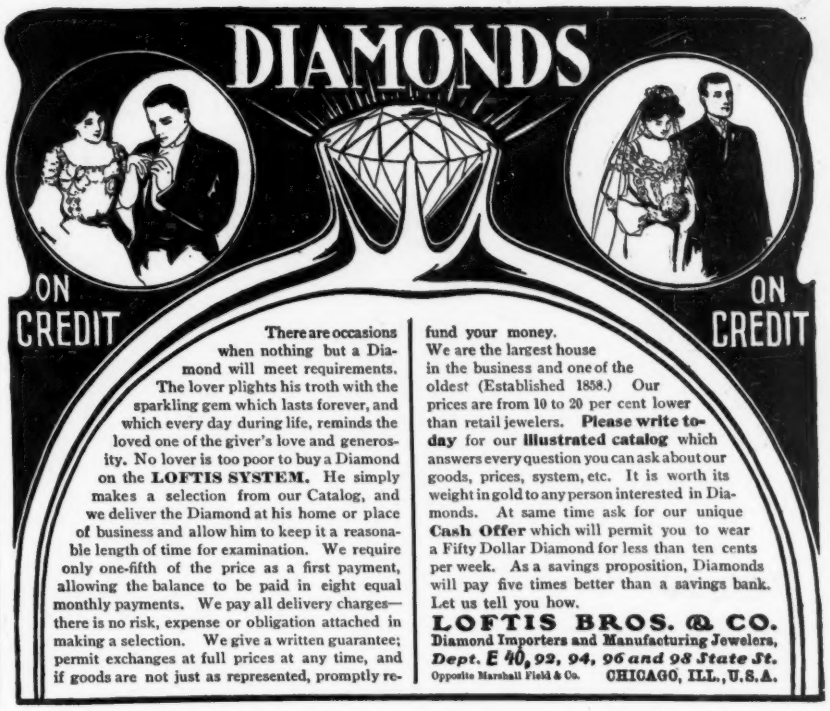
"It's almost impossible, dear, to lease a house for a shorter term than one year nowadays," he said; "so, to protect myself, I must ask you"——

"Ask me what?" interrupted his bride-to-be.

"To agree not to seek a divorce until the expiration of the first year's lease."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

De Broune—"Is Fitz-Greene good-natured?"

Van Schmidt—"Good-natured? Good natured? Well, I should say so! Why, he laughs at his own jokes."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*



"A two-cent stamp, please," said the lady at the stamp-window of the post-office.

"Yes, madam," replied the new clerk, who had just been graduated from a department-store. "Will you take it with you or have it sent?"—*Chicago News.*

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MR. BOND—"Yes: and the wrong diagnosis nearly killed the doctor."

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By selling our celebrated goods. 25 and 30 per cent. commission off.
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1-lb. trade mark red bags. Good Coffees, 12c. and 15c. Good Teas, 30c. and 35c.
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Waggles—"He couldn't remember why his wife tied a string around his finger, so he was afraid to go home, and stayed out all night."

Jaggles—"What was it he should have remembered?"

Waggles—"To come home early."—*Smart Set.*

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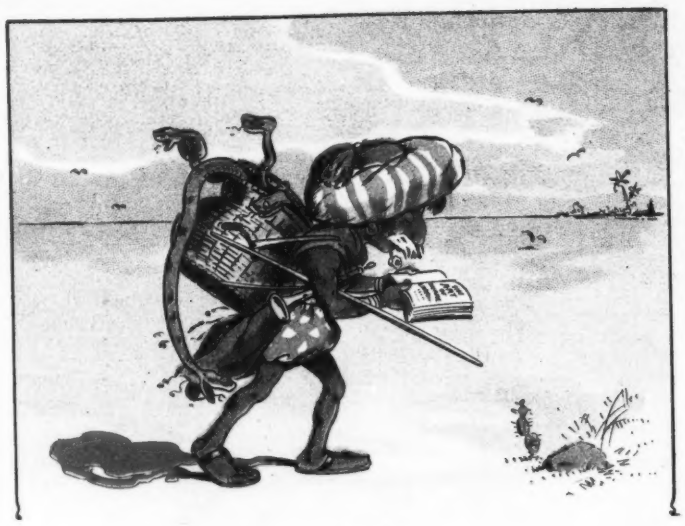
1.
THE SERPENT—"Gracious! things begin to look serious, and——



2.
——the boss seems absorbed. Guess I'd better——

3.
——give him a tip or——

4.
——something——

5.
——will happen."

6.
SNAKE-CHARMER—"By the shades of Aladdin, old fellow! but that was a timely tip. Shake!"

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A TIMELY TIP.

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